

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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A TALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE WATCHER.

"Is't truth you paint, good limner?
Aye, I would it were not."—*Old Play.*

"A healthy religious experience, so far from being full of passion and excitement, is like everything else that is healthy,—quiet, natural, regular, contented, and gradually helpful to beauty and to growth."

ENGLISHMEN who have never visited the retired shores of the west, can form but a poor idea of the grandest of our island scenes. Let them stand on the summit of one of the Cornish heights,—on the lofty brow of Pengarva, and watch the wild surge foaming and boiling in the abyss below; or throwing its white foam over the black and frowning rocks that stand out, indestructible barriers to its further progress. Let them mark the withering effect of nature's warfare on the proud battlement of the decaying fortress, that for more than a thousand years has presumptuously presented its bulwarks to the raging storms. Let the traveller feel the rapturous awe, so indescribable, yet so true on looking from the giddy precipice on the vast waste of waters illuminated by the broad disk of the setting sun, sinking in its glory. Let him watch the fading rays successively lingering on pinnacle after pinnacle, and then leaving them to increased darkness and gloom. Let him hear the wild shriek of the Cornish Chough as it darts from its hidden covert in the cliffs; or listen to the sullen roar of the waves reverberated in the gloomy caverns beneath, that from their yawning mouths ever sound the solemn rebound

of the angry waters. Then let him confess, with the quivering emotion that fills his heart at such a moment, the grandeur of our island shores, and thank heaven that has made him an Englishman, with a mind to enjoy, and a soul to feel the beauties of his native isle.

Separated from the main-land by a gulf, which can only be passed in fair weather by a narrow isthmus of broken rocks, fallen from the heights above, is "The island of Pengarva," on which a few strong bastions may still be seen, thrown up by the adventurous spirit of our forefathers. The summit of the island affords a scanty pasturage to a small flock of sheep, which browse calmly on the perilous eminence, happy in their ignorance of the perils around. Fearful is the narrow pathway which leads to their solitary domain; and few are the daring travellers who attempt the steep ascent by which alone the island can be gained; but the rude inhabitants, physically firm as their native rocks, and almost as unpolished, climb to the top-most heights, to cut the dry sod which serves them for scanty fuel. But these hardy rustics have their weak points: they shudder at sounds and sights peculiar to their retired home, which superstition and ignorance combine to make them deem supernatural, and seldom are any sufficiently courageous to scale their cliffs alone, after the shadows of night have fallen. In their wretched huts, which, huddled together as if for security, form a miserable village, they cower over their turf fires, and shrink within themselves as some beldame relates her tales of horror to which the howling wind forms a suitable accompaniment.

A strange sight it was, therefore, to behold a solitary man, on one of the

roughest nights of Autumn, descend the broken road which led to the shore, and still stranger to see him tread carelessly on the verge of the narrow pathway which led to the ravine, then fling himself from rock to rock, as he mounted the steepest part of the perpendicular acclivity. Sometimes the stones beneath his feet gave way, and rolled with hollow murmur into the abyss beneath, then his strong muscles were tried in clinging to the knots of herbage that trembled in his grasp; sometimes even this slender support was lost, and he was obliged by the weight of his body alone, to bind himself to the perilous cliff; at others, the spray covered him from head to foot, and he was compelled to rest to remove the matted hair which hung wet and dripping over his anxious countenance. At length the summit was reached, and he wiped his brow, and stood for a moment, proud and erect, as if glorying in some victory won; then as a sudden gust almost drove him from his boasted station, he threw out his arms, and battled with the wind, as if some living enemy assailed him. "Ah!" cried he, exultingly, as the loud blast subsided into a low and melancholy moan, "have I vanquished thee, vain babbler. Go and tell thy story to the depths below. Not conquered yet! ha! ha!" and his wild laughter rang amongst the hollow rocks, and awoke a hundred echoes, which again and again repeated the hideous mirth. "Dar'st thou mock me?" murmured the solitary man, startled at the hubbub he himself had raised. "Dar'st thou mock me, my enemy? Down to thy watery home. Away!"—and as he shouted the last words, he hid his face and shuddered, as if some horrid vision filled the empty space before him. Gradually he regained courage, and strode from his first resting place to the extremity of the island, perhaps thinking by his hasty movements to escape the phantom that pursued him; perhaps to collect his forces for a second encounter with this foe of his imagination. Be that as it may, he continued his hurried march, now stamping fiercely on the slaty rock, now treading softly on the short grass, as if fearful his foot-fall might prevent some unexpected sound from reaching his attentive ear. Soon a

loud cry, seeming to arise from the bosom of the waters, struck a sudden chill through the frame of the trembling listener. The strong man was bowed even as a young child, and he sank on his knees, whilst a cold sweat broke out over his whole body, and a choking sensation of fear kept him breathless. At length a convulsive gasp relieved his full breast, and he sprang forward to the top of the precipice, over which he leaned with anxious gaze, as if his eyes could pierce the thick gloom that hung on the boiling waves beneath. Extended at full length, with his hands clenched, his teeth set, and his eyeballs glaring, he presented no unapt image of the demon of Terror pursued to his haunts by the giant Despair. Not even a prayer reached the lips of the unhappy man; all thought was lost, as he remained fixed and motionless at his anxious post.

Again the cry came up clear and shrill, and a second time was borne away by the midnight breeze. The watcher's spirit died within him, as a thousand hideous forms appeared to his diseased fancy to rise from the vapours below.

A third time the cry arose: and at the same moment, a huge object, black and distinct, seemed to emerge from the shadowy veil, and to move slowly towards the nearer shore; in another second it was hurried into the swift eddies and rough breakers, and lost for ever to the startled view. How much longer the spectator might have remained aghast and motionless we know not; but the dawn had scarcely appeared, when a light step approaching, and a hand laid softly on his shoulder aroused him from his gloomy vigil. He raised his heavy eyes, and met a glance which always cheered him, even in the darkest moments of his affliction. "I have been seeking you all night, John," said the new comer, "and have been in real misery for your sake; the neighbours all made sure you had fallen over one of the cliffs, but I would not believe them; I had faith in God, John, and firmly trusted that he would not desert me in the time of need." A smile of mockery from her companion made the speaker stop short, but she quickly continued: "The sun will arise in no time, dear husband, do rouse yourself, and see how gloriously he comes up

over the castle rock ; look, every wave is like a bit of gold, and the clouds are sailing before the breeze like great mountains of silver ; and there is the bright blue sky behind them, as if heaven itself was opening upon us. Now isn't not beautiful ?" said the animated woman, throwing her arms around her husband, and looking with anxious fondness in his face, " may we not bless God for this ?" " For another wretched day in this miserable world," returned the other, " for a few more opportunities for crime and sorrow ! bless God for dying, Mary, bless him that there is such a thing as death ; but return no thanks for a sinful existence ; give no rejoicing for our unhappy state." " Why will you persist in calling us unhappy ? why will you look on everything with a gloomy eye ? I am sure I am happier now in our little hut, than even when I was living with my dear friends in London,—that is, when you are happy too." And the tears fell in spite of her efforts to look very happy indeed. " Don't lie to yourself, Mary," said her husband, pettishly, " it is of no use to make things appear what they are not. I know how all stands as well as you do, and when I see you striving and striving for a bit of bread for our children, I am not quite as hardhearted as you may think. I do care for seeing them starving, God knows I do. But then, Mary, the evil spirit comes upon me, and I feel that the hand of the Lord is heavy ; I feel that his grace is departed from us." " Don't talk so, John, why should we mistrust Providence, who has always found us bread to eat, and a bed to lie on ? He who cares for the young ravens when they cry, will not desert our little ones. Should we not rather blame ourselves, if our wants are many, and our resources few ?" " I do not need a reproof, Mary, to show the evil of my ways ; but what is the use of labouring when it all comes to nothing ? why should we toil for ever, and yet get no rest ? why should we be troubled about the food of the body which perisheth, and neglect the nourishing of the soul which liveth for ever ?" " I did not mean to blame you, dear John, for doing what you believe is right, I only wished to comfort you with thinking, that by

our own exertions we can support our little ones ; besides,—' The children of the righteous are never seen begging their bread.' " " Then again, I would beg to ask, who are the righteous ? There are none that do good, no not one ! I tell you what, Mary," continued the man, pointing to the scene of his late watching, " I have seen that to-night which will never pass from my mind. The dead have risen up to have their revenge on me. Yes, you may shake your head, but as sure as I stand here, I saw the crew of Wharton's wreck pass away into Jabber's cave in their broken hulk, which was swallowed up in the boiling surge. And I saw,—Mary, I saw *him* too ; he wrestled with me as with a strong man, but I dared his strength, and sent him to his home below. I vanquished the enemy," continued John, beginning hastily to descend the cliff, " but"—stopping suddenly, " Mary, I heard his cry as he sank in the great waters. As if a voice from Heaven had spoken, that cry told me, ' There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' " " You are mistaken, husband," returned Mary, as trembling at witnessing his excitement, she attempted to follow his rapid descent. " Don't step there, girl," cried John, brought out of himself and his own wild thoughts by seeing her danger. " I go with you, husband," said Mary, meekly. " Yes, and break your neck in following a blind leader ; put your foot on that stone, now give me your hand, gently, lean on my shoulder." " Ah," said Mary, gladly accepting his support, " how often we clambered down together when we were children ; how happy we were when we were children !" " And innocent, I suppose you would say," returned John, seeming to wince at every word that could convey a reproach on his errors. " Oh, John, don't take away your arm, I shall fall without it ; indeed I am afraid I am very weak-hearted ; but I can go no further." " Well, don't cry about it ; let us stop a moment or so, and then you will be better ; you were never like this before you went to London ; this comes of keeping company with evil doers. Not evil doers ! I can defy any one to say the contrary of those who live in that great Babylon." Mary

could have told him that she thought there were evil doers in the country, as well as in the city, but she kept her bitter thought to herself, and merely said, "I am better now, I think I can go on; the children will be wondering where we are. Poor little Lizzy will be very anxious." "Like mother, like child; I declare if that girl is not half way up the pathway to meet us; what foolhardiness in an infant of her years." "I trust she is in no danger, John," said the poor mother, forgetting all her own perils in concern for her offspring. "Oh, no," said John, calmly, "she's in no danger, if she only keeps her footing, and now she's turned off the pathway to look at something in the water, now she's beckoning to us, and pointing to something below. Come on, Mary," continued her husband, impatiently, as old habits gained their ascendancy, and his eyes flashed with renewed energy. "I'd lay any wager that she sees a wreck." "For God's sake, John," exclaimed his wife, "don't exult at such a misfortune. Remember how often I have told the children"—"Exult," muttered John, as some frightful recollection crossed his mind, "little cause have I to exult in anything of the kind; has it not thrown a blight on my best days? has it not stamped the curse of Cain on my brow?" "Hush, hush, John, the child is close by. For all our sakes let her not hear your self-accusations." "What dost see, Lizzy?" uttered the father quickly, as he caught the child by the hand. "Oh, father! something so awful,—a corpse!" "A what?" cried the unhappy man, as he let go his hold, and bent his bloodless face on the small beach, made by the receding tide, at their feet. "Oh, father, a dead body! Mother, see, there it is; the tide has washed it just under that large rock. It is an old man too, with white hair, and a pale, pale face. Oh! do come and see it." "At your peril go near it," cried John, hastily, "Let his bones whiten in the sun; let the birds of the air feed on his carcase; let the dead bury their dead." "Father," exclaimed the child, retreating from him in horror. "Your father is not well to-day, Lizzy, he sees things in a wrong light. Go home, child, and take care of your little brothers. I will follow you

soon, and meanwhile we will see what can be done with the dead body." "Touch it not," again cried the wretched man, "it is *his* corpse, I saw him sink beneath the waves. I heard his cry, as he fell beneath the great waters. It declared,—'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.'" "Your mind is wandering, John," said the poor woman; it shall not be harrowed any more by such a scene. Go after the child to the cottage; I will be with you in a few minutes to give notice of the wreck." "Do you think I am afraid, woman? do you think I would shrink from touching the polluted flesh? No, John Pengarn is not chicken-hearted at such a time. Come on, come down to the shore;" and he strode forward as if his lately-formed determination might fail him in the onset.

CHAPTER II.—THE MALEDICTION.

"I left Thy love and turned away;
I wandered homeless all the day,
And cheerless all the night:
I knew myself a wandering child,
Far roaming on the dreary wild,—
Far banished from the light
Of joy and rest I lay bereaved;
I thought me of the love I grieved;
I knew not Thou wert nigh.
Each beam had sunk in doleful night;
Each feeble ray that blest my sight,
Sank muffled in the sky."

By the time they reached the desired spot, another person was there before them; it was one of the wild inhabitants of the place most dreaded by the gentle Mary. This person, in stature a child, but in looks a fierce and ungainly woman, crooked and deformed in mind as in figure, stood by the corpse searching with frightful eagerness for any object of value that might have escaped the destroying fury of the waves. "Nothing here," muttered the beldame, as with a curse she let fall the stiffened arm, and turned to see who watched her unholy proceedings. "Nothing now to be found on any wreck; for my part, I can see no good it doth to any one now a days. Are ye come spying for what's not here, John Pengarn, after one of yer mazed rambles?" He whom she addressed deigned no reply, but stood with fixed gaze examining the distorted features of the de-

ceased. "An ye will vouchsafe no words, will ye? I suppose you are getting as proud as yer peart-eyed wife yonder." "Silence, woman," said John, fiercely, "or I will give you as sound a ducking as ever you had, in the black pool below." "Oh, aye! I wonder who deserves it most; there are many folks no better than they ought to be, to my mind. Ay speer away at the dead man's face. He's come to tell you of your misdeeds, eh?" Irritated beyond bearance, John sprang forward to catch his tormentor, but she quickly eluded his grasp, and with wonderful alertness for a woman of her years, mounted the steep and stood on one of the rocks near. Turning for a moment, she stretched her skinny arm towards the listening pair, and with her shrill, piercing voice cursed them in their house and home; in their bed and board; in their lying down and in their rising up; their children and their friends, all came in for a share of her malediction. John and Mary had ever been the objects of her particular hatred; John,—because he had distinguished himself in many ways amongst the religious sect which for some years had been gaining ground in the village, and by his eccentricities had obtained some power over his simple comrades. Mary,—because her sojourn in civilized society and her clear unbiassed judgment, had led her to see the errors of her old companions, and made singular her efforts of doing good in her native village. The beldame felt that they were rivals in her domain; both in different ways had weakened her once supreme authority. Mary's simple medicines were found to be more efficacious than her most potent charms, and John's influences of the spirit and wrestlings with the power of Satan were even more exciting to the imaginations of the credulous rustics than the sybil's most horrifying stories of ghosts and hobgoblins that waited on her commands. She was therefore rejoiced at an opportunity of venting her spleen, and of darting her venom on the victims of her long gathering resentment; and inasmuch as her authority was still acknowledged, and her ability of working mischief by the blighting effect of the evil eye was generally credited, so the weight of her malediction was not to be borne unmoved by those

against whom it was especially directed. "You hear her," said John, as he turned to his wife, white with rage. "You are witness to this trial of her power. Let us only see how all turns out; Let us only see." "She can do us no harm," returned Mary, quietly; "she is but a woman after all." "But a woman! aye, but what kind of a woman? If ever there was a demon in mortal form, it is in that malicious creature; and if ever there was one who had the will and power of doing any harm, it is the white witch of Martin's Clive." "Our heavenly Father would never give such power to another to be so abused." "Must I tell you again, Mary, that if the Almighty has *His* ministers of good, so Satan, who goes like a raging lion seeking for his prey, has also *his* ministers of evil. We are at all times subject to their power, but we must strive, we must wrestle, we must overcome, lest we be dragged down soul and body into hell, and there perish for ever." "Horrible! and is this the religion our Saviour came to spread through the word? Is this the peace of mind he left us? Do you think, dear husband, this can really be a part of the Christian religion?" "Wiser people than ourselves have found out the truth, Mary. But many see signs and wonders and will not believe. Look at the dead that have risen up to witness against us;" and he pointed with a haggard look to the extended corpse at their side, which unconscious of the angry spirits around, lay in all the calm repose of death. "We will look no more on it," said Mary, gently spreading her cloak over the shattered remains. "The quarry-men are coming down the cliff to see what is the matter. You had better go away, John, while I direct them to carry the body to the village." But her husband did not stir; he stood his ground whilst his wife explained to the crowd of rude bystanders that she supposed there had been a wreck in the night, that her child had seen the corpse on the beach, but that nothing more could be found; she supposed everything else had been carried away by a contrary tide.

"John Pengarn, where were you last night?" inquired one of the men suddenly; "did you see anything of this?" John was leaning with his hands folded

against a rock, looking out on the waters, and apparently unconscious of all around. He started at the abrupt question, and darted an angry look at the inquirer which made him shrink within himself. "Where was I?" said he at length, in a hoarse voice, as if every word came with labour from his breast. "Where was I? at the post of danger, Walter Tilley; where you would not have dared gone. Three times on the island top I wrestled with the adversary. He came as a strong man, but I vanquished his strength. I sent him to the depths below. He fell in the mighty waters. Then came up a cry louder than the wave and the wind. I lay on the farthest rock that looks over the Deadman's cove, and watched what would come next. There was a noise, as of a thousand demons, but the cry came up louder than all, and through the black fog from the sea, I saw the broken hulk of Wharton's vessel, with his crew like skeletons, pass away into Jabber's cave, and sink into the breakers below." A universal exclamation spoke the interest of the listening crowd. The narrator continued—"You know the helmsman of that vessel; some of you may remember the day he was murdered,—that is lost, for all suppose he was drowned with the rest when his vessel went down. Now, look here," continued the speaker, shuddering as he removed the cloak which covered the silent corpse; "see if you cannot recognize the grizzled head, and the shape of the body, and the colour of the clothes. Are they not all his?" A universal assent was given to this appeal. "But that happened months ago," Mary ventured to suggest. "True, and the greater the miracle. It is no little thing that can make a corpse arise from the bottom of the sea. And what makes the dead come here? Is it not to bear witness against the living?" "For God's sake, husband," said Mary, seizing his raised arm. "Off woman!" cried the pre-occupied speaker. "What is ordained must come to pass; it was ordained that this man should die; it was ordained that his murderer (if he had any) should be found. But that time is not yet! not yet!" he repeated; "the cup must be drunk to its dregs; trials and perils must be borne, and the spirit

pass through the fiery furnace like silver twice purified before the last hour of tribulation arrive. My brethren, who can say that he hath no sin? Let him stand out and condemn the murderer ——— I tell you that we are all murderers, blood-thirsty, and cruel. The devil lieth in wait for our immortal souls and we yield them to his care; we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. The sin of Adam cleaveth to us; the curse of Cain is stamped on our brow. Fore-ordained to the wrath of God, we come into the world heirs of sin; and condemned to the punishment of the ungodly—to the pains of hell for ever. The cross is held out to save us from the wrath of an avenging God. Those who take hold of it, may, if the grace of the Almighty be granted to them, be saved. From some it is withheld, they are not fitted for a state of salvation, and they are cast away like the goats of the flock; they suffer the just punishment of their sins. My friends, may we not look into our own hearts and feel the weight of our errors? May we not then see the blackness and deformity of sin? Are we not sunk into the depths of despair when we behold the enormity of our guilt? And unless the grace of God be vouchsafed to us, is it of any use to attempt to rid ourselves of the burthen of our iniquities? My brethren, we may be howling in the slough of despair; we may lament in sackcloth and ashes. But of what avail are our struggles to rise, if the helping hand of the Almighty is withheld? Obstacles are thrown in the way of the condemned; he falls back after every effort is made; and too truly has it been said, '*that every back-sliding sinks him deeper into hell!*'* But, my friends, we must watch over our erring brother; we must wait until the hour of his deliverance draweth nigh; we must pray the blessed Jesus to look with pity on his case, and to ward off the wrath of the offended Father. Then if our prayers are heard, if grace be sent, and the spirit be sanctified, and the hour of conversion come, we must help him to wrestle with the power of Satan, to

* The substance of the above address, and the words marked, were, however incredible it may appear, actually uttered in the hearing of the writer.

throw off the shackles of sin, and to stand out accepted in the sight of God, and safe from the toils of man. Oh, my brethren, may this hour come to all of us. Let us pray, that we may hasten its approach. Chief of sinners, here on my bended knees, I intreat the Lord Jesus to come down amongst us; to bring us mercy from above; to have pity on our souls; to enter into our hearts, and be with us always, that we may be safe from the power of the enemy. We have been sorely tempted, O Lord, and we yielded to the temptation. Satan had power over our souls; he exulted in his might; he bent us as willow twigs are bowed by the fierce north wind. Raise us up, O Lord! Let us stand upright before thy face! The dead are raised up by thy might; they return to be laid in the bosom of the earth. Let them lie quiet in the tomb, O Lord. Let them not torment the conscience of the living. Let them wait the resurrection of the just and the unjust. Then will they witness against those who have done them evil; but until then, let them lie at peace in the grave. Oh, Lord hear us. Christ have mercy on our souls. Lord hear us." Here the words of the unhappy enthusiast were lost in agitated sobs. His brethren took up the strain, and their loud cry ascended over the neighbouring waters. Wrought almost to phrenzy by such wild addresses, they tore their hair, threw themselves on the broken beach, and with a long howl lamented the burden of their sins. A casual spectator might have imagined that he was transported into the magic circle of some savage American tribe, who were celebrating their unholy incantations, instead of amidst the inhabitants of a peaceful village, on the shores of a civilized country.

Apart from this debasing scene stood one, calm and unmoved by the strength of the appeal. She certainly entered into the agony of her husband's mind. She lamented the errors that he had been led to commit; but she felt that he was mistaken with regard to their enormity; and she was assured that he might obtain mercy if he truly sought. But still more did she lament the veil of fanaticism which concealed from him a true knowledge of himself, which led him to mis-

take for the wiles of Satan his own evil inclinations, and compelled him to remain in supine misery, from a false estimate of the nature of God. She was convinced that some vast misapprehension must thus obscure the pure Gospel of Christ, stain the character of the Almighty, and pervert his righteous judgments. Her faith was gathered from the words of our Saviour; early and late she pondered on his example; his precepts were continually on her lips, the rule of her life, and the guide of her belief. If she had any doubts of the mercy of God—they satisfied them; if she ever mistrusted an over-ruling Providence—they came to her mind to set it at rest. The heart of this right thinking woman was as generous as her creed, and her whole life was a moral to the faith she upheld. The villagers generally respected her belief, although it was so different to their own; they felt she was not of them; her nature was superior to theirs; but it was so kindly that they could not help loving it. Her goodness extended to all around; young and old silently acknowledged the benefits she conferred on them, and by many little kind offices showed their sense of the obligation. She felt as if she could not at once therefore make known to them how much they shocked her by their miserable superstitions, and obstinate prejudices. Her mind had been opened by a kind and faithful friend who had withdrawn her from this wild region to a blessed sphere of usefulness in a happy home. She had been the nurse and companion of a sick lady, who in seeking for health on the western shore, had been struck with the intelligence and goodness of the village girl, and through many years of intimacy had cultivated her faculties and improved her understanding. When this kind benefactress was withdrawn from the scene of her suffering and resignation, Mary returned to her friends, for kindred she had none, and married the playfellow and companion of her youth. How this marriage had turned out may have already been guessed; but her patient endurance of wrong, her meek submission to what could not be remedied, her contented cheerfulness, which brightened all around, setting forth more plainly than the loudest

preaching the hope that was in her, remains yet to be made known.

She stood apart during the wild ebullition just related, with her hands clasped, and her heart lifted, to solicit pardon and peace from her heavenly Father on the guilty and sorrowful. She prayed that the light from above might shine on these benighted men; and her fervent prayer brought with it that inward serenity which ever follows the virtuous efforts of the righteous. She hid her face while the disgraceful exhibition of fanatic zeal went forward; and only looked round when the men somewhat recovered from their phrenzy, took up the body, and proceeded with it to the village inn.

With a subdued and serious deportment she followed the mournful procession, stopping for a short time at her own cottage to watch the proceedings of the young inmates within. Happy faces and kind greetings met her at the threshold, and many entreaties that she would come and see how nicely they had got the breakfast. All was ready, and they were only waiting for father and herself. Where was father? Had he brought up the poor man from the beach? Lizzie had said that the poor old man had been washed on shore. Could they find any more wreck? These questions were severally answered, and then Mary took a Bible from its usual resting place, read a few portions applicable to the events of the day, and offered up a short prayer for themselves and for others, and especially for all those who were tossed upon the stormy sea. To herself there was a double meaning in the last words; the sea of life was to her more fearful than the mighty deep; the quicksands and breakers there, were what she most dreaded for those dear to her; but she did not attempt to confuse the young hearers by any figurative allusions. All was plain and simple, and adapted to their understandings. Then, after completing the holy rite which bound them still closer together in the ties of heavenly love, she sealed the union with a kiss, and desiring them not to wait breakfast, but to partake of it, and repair to their daily labours, she proceeded to pay the last sad offices to the dead.

CHAPTER III.—CHANGING SCENES.

"There is no such thing as abstract growth in manhood without growth in men. Some are growing downward, further into that which is low; and some are growing upward—courting the sun, and aspiring to the rosy dawn. Some bear only mocking, useless leaves; others bless with their golden fruit, the men and women, and little children who walk beneath their golden boughs."

THE house, by courtesy yeleft the village inn, although a creaking sign was the only mark to distinguish it from its other mud-walled and straw-roofed neighbours, was this morning the scene of more than usual confusion and tumult. Before Mary's arrival the crowd had trebly multiplied around the door, but they all gave way to let her pass; showing even by this rough politeness that there were some amongst them who might command respect.

Mary answered these salutations, and entering the low, smoke-dried kitchen, made her way to another apartment, which by its furniture alone could be supposed a bed room. Here she found the hostess, a short, bustling woman, who seemed to have no idea beyond the duties of her station, loudly contending with her daughter as to the best mode of laying out the dead. She softened her voice as she saw our friend approach, and yielded to her judgment respecting the deceased. She even paid Mary the compliment of leaving everything to her direction, and went to satisfy the loud calls of her numerous claimants for pints of beer and bread and cheese. No subject of importance can be discussed in England without eating and drinking; and the people of Pengarva followed the example of their betters in fortifying the inward man for the exertions of a noisy debate. Their vociferations were at the loudest pitch, when another scene called away their attention from the point in dispute.—(To be continued.)

POMPOUS RELIGIOUS SHOWS.—The foolish American Indians, when the first Europeans went among them, looked upon their clothes as part of their bodies. And we are assured that not a few of the people, both on the Western Continent and in the East, regard religious rites and ceremonies as an essential part of religion. This last error is more mischievous than the first which we mentioned, and led to the fearful calamity in Chili.

SERMONS TO WORKING-MEN.

THE Rev. JNO. ROBERTSON, of Halstead, Essex, has published a volume of Sermons, which may be had of Whitfield, London, price 4s. 6d. We have space for a few lines, which indicate the style and spirit of those sermons:—"There is one book to which the world owes much, and our country, if possible, more than other lands,—I mean the Bible. How blessed the light which that book has shed on all the deeper experiences of human life! It lifts man above himself, and its lessons mingle with all the more solemn events of his life. Strong men have confessed their obligation to it, and gentle women, nerved by its spirit, have gone forth to grapple with the most gigantic foes. Its visions filled with glorious hopes the soul of a dying Cromwell, and its lessons of heavenly love and mercy have brought peace and pardon to many a weary, sin-burdened soul. But even the Bible (and this is what I want you particularly to observe), is only valuable as a means to an end. We are not to make an idol of it, but read it so that we may understand it and bring home to our minds and hearts its great and holy truths. We are not to forget, even in reading the Bible, that God demands a worship in spirit and in truth. We are to read with the spirit and the understanding. The psalmist's profound trust, the prophet's withering scorn of all meanness and injustice, and the apostle's burning earnestness and brave self-devotion to the cause of truth, should all come forth, as it were freshly coined from our hearts."

On the discipline of life he says:—"We see, too, that the noblest men of past times became noble through the part which they took in that strife. Then the thought flashes upon our minds that God is seeking, through suffering and sorrow, sin and woe, to educate true men,—men who can love truth, virtue, holiness, for their own sakes, and freely sacrifice the lower for the higher good. If virtue never was in peril, and truth never required sacrifices, there would be no moral worth to revere, and heroism, faith, self-devotion, be unknown to man. But the providence of God has placed us in a world where, if we would be good

and do good, we cannot afford to slumber at our posts. Our moral natures must be roused for a stern conflict. We must fight our way upward to the freedom, the purity and peace of sons of God. The vulgar notion of heaven is that of a place of happiness; but by the discipline of providence, God is teaching us that not happiness, but fuller life, is the end of our being. The eaglets are happy in their nest, but the parent eagle stirs up their nest, and breaks in upon their happiness. There is a nobler life to which they are yet strangers; and the parent, when the fitting time comes, will make them enter upon it, even though it should be through present pain. So in the discipline of man's life, when God would lead him from a lower to a higher stage of being, touch new fountains of love and wonder in his soul, He does so through a present grief."

TRUE REST.

SWEET is the pleasure

Itself cannot spoil!

Is not true leisure

One of true toil?

Thou who wouldst taste it,

Still do thy best;

Use it, not waste it,

Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty

Near thee,—all around?

Only hath duty

Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting

The busy career;

Rest is the fitting

Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,

Clear without strife

Fleeing to ocean

After its life.

Deeper devotion

Nowhere hath knelt;

Fuller emotion

Heart never felt.

'Tis living and serving

The highest and best!

'Tis ONWARDS! unswerving;

And that is true rest.

J. S. DWIGHT.

INSANITY AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

' We think no person ever did, in a sound state of mind, take away the life of another. It was surely insanity, if not fixed, temporary insanity, that impelled to murder. The murderer was quite as unfit, sometime before the crime, to be at large, as after the dark deed was done. So imprisonment, and not the scaffold, was the place to expiate such crime. Again, it would be a difficult thing to determine the sanity of culprits who are placed on the scaffold. The law sets aside the punishment of death in all cases where insanity supervenes, after the sentence of death. We are prone to think that many are executed in an unsound state of mind. We have a case before us, from the notebook of a French officer, in which the preparation for death reduced to permanent madness the victim who escaped execution. The preliminary preparation for death destroyed this culprit's reason; so we repeat, it would be difficult indeed to say, how many are made insane before the bolt of death is drawn. "I travelled," says the officer, "in 1815, through the south of France. Something put it into my head to visit a prison. It contained besides the ordinary prisoners, some who were deranged. One of them, whose madness was extremely inoffensive, enjoyed a sort of liberty in the interior of the prison. He had been accustomed to this sort of existence, and never dreamt that it was possible to live any other way. On my entry into the court yard, he came up to me and saluted me with much politeness. 'Good day, sir,' he said. 'How do you do?' 'Very well, how are you?' 'You see my head?' 'And what of that?' 'Ah, you don't know my history. My head, like many others, was cut off; the execution was scarcely finished, when the officer was informed that I had been guillotined by mistake. Immediately he took up a head from a great panier, which unfortunately was not mine, and he placed it on my neck. It is well attached, as you see.' And the unfortunate man threw himself about, to convince me that his head was solidly fastened to his shoulders, 'It holds well, sir; it looks perfectly; but nevertheless, there is something

wrong. How unfortunate that they were mistaken in the head?' And he went off, weeping, again to tell his story to the first visitor he should meet. I inquired into his history. He had been condemned to death, and his pardon had arrived at the moment of cutting off his hair.—He had felt the coldness of the scissors." Now may we not fairly ask the question,—does not the last few minutes preparation on the scaffold destroy the reason of the most of culprits. We are far from thinking the above case is the only one. How many poor wretches are launched into eternity in a state of mental derangement!

We advocate the abolition of death-punishment. It is a great public evil that the wisest and best of men do continually condemn. The following words of the late Mr. THACKRAY on this subject, will be read with interest at this time:—"If a public execution is beneficial—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him in the first instance to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine 'We' altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for 'I' is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses of Parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural, quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than

sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race.—Government, a Christian Government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two Houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but Government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God: 'I am the resurrection and the life,' 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,'—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the Government agent—Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument), when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say 'No'—it is natural. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you 'it is natural and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.'

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the highest authority), why, because you lose your eye, is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum,

founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snowhill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for the murder I saw done. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years; one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, 'We've koom to see the mon hanged!' Tender law that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that for the last fourteen days so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that exhibition—and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood."

SOCIAL POSITION OF UNITARIANS IN AMERICA.

—A writer in the London "*Spectator*" says "that the Sanitary Commission of the United States Army, which receives the aid of all sects and parties, who contribute millions of dollars to its funds, is under the management of a Unitarian clergyman, and that High Church Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics serve under him." A few weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Channing was chosen Chaplain of the House of Representatives. We do not hesitate to say, there is a religious equality in America, that puts to the blush all our English boasts of liberty.

A SINGULAR STORY.

THE BLUNDERS WE MAKE RESPECTING GOD,
SATAN, AND MAN.

MANY years ago, somewhere in the East, lived a Grand Gentleman, who owned vast Estates. Besides being the richest, he was the wisest, and the strongest man the world ever knew. This gentleman had two daughters, the name of one was Love; the name of the other was Truth. Love and Truth were the joy of his heart. It was his especial delight to provide for their present and future happiness. The rules he gave them as tests of obedience were few and simple. It was understood to be his constant aim to direct his children, in paths of peace and holiness.

Upon the premises of the potentate lived a Black Monster. He was very sagacious, powerful, and above all an extremely desperate fellow—distinguished for dire enmity towards the owner of the estate. It was his constant study to lay plots, and do the greatest possible injury to his patron. He possessed one very marvellous peculiarity, which rendered him fearfully dangerous to the two young ladies—Love and Truth. He could approach them without their personal knowledge of his presence, nay, what was far more serious, he had the power to assume a quite different character to his own, and suggest all sorts of evil things to them, in the most insidious manner.

It so happened that this Desperado had been in former days, a peculiar favourite with the Rich Gentleman; but having been detected in a dreadful Conspiracy against him, he was summarily degraded, and severely punished. On this account he burned with unmitigated hate, against everything which bore the name of the distinguished personage. In particular, he vowed vengeance against his two daughters, should they ever fall fairly within his clutches.

Every one acquainted with the circumstances of the case, were filled with astonishment to know that such an abandoned apostate could be permitted to remain, one hour, upon the estate, but there he was; there he had been from time far beyond calculation; and no disposition appeared on the part of the proprietor, to eject him.

It was a beautiful summer morning when the father kissed his happy daughters, and went forth to view the Green Hills around his Venerable Castle. His ancient foe, ready to burst with a project of Evil omen, now took up quarters upon one of the Turrets of the Castle, and having gone through his usual incantations, he assumed the form of a Bird, of exquisite plumage; and winged his way to a spreading tree, under the shade of which, sat the two sweet daughters—Love and Truth. This wondrous winged monster hopped from twig to twig, singing ravishing songs, until he had obtained the ears of the fair damsels. Now he changed his note, and began to flatter them with honied discourse. He descanted of "Damasked Cheeks," "Ruby Lips," "Sparkling Eyes," "Raven Locks," and "Lily Hands." The poor creatures now became enchanted; and followed the charmer from place to place, until their feet were entangled in a snare, which had

long been set for their reception. Alas! when the father returned, they were—*Seduced—Degraded—Undone?* They heard the voice of their parent, in the garden, covered themselves with branches of the Trees; but dared not so much as lift up their eyes, from the dust of the Earth!

The reader will now conjecture the state of mind in which this loving Father will be expected to appear. He will regard him as being in a condition of complete distraction, on beholding the prostrate virtue of his lovely daughters—perhaps he pictures him laying firm hold of his gun, and going in pursuit of the Black Criminal, resolved to rid the world of the Villain, at once, and for ever. Not at all—by no means! what will be thought of this tender-hearted parent—if report be true, which we doubt—when it is known that he had perfect knowledge that the Black Renegade *intended* to ruin his daughters, long before the act was even attempted—nay, he was aware both of the day and the hour, when the base purpose was to be compassed. Even more, he knew the very form the Seducer would assume, in order to deceive them; but no word was uttered, in the ears of his children, to caution them to *beware* of the Talking Bird! What is still more unaccountable, the Father was standing upon an elevated part of the estate, while the Seduction was in progress—was so near, that his daughters could have heard his signal of alarm; but no steps were taken to prevent the barbarous Crime. Still the worst has to be told. When the Father returned, he at once took measures to banish his daughters from the beautiful Groves—turned them out into the Wilderness—locked the Gates; and would permit them to enter there no more! When this had been done, he issued a decree setting forth that the damage his children had received at the hands of the betrayer, should pass into their blood—enter their souls—descend to their children, throughout all time—corrupt all the races of mankind, who should cover the face of the whole Earth. Nay, but the End is not yet. This loving Father (if our Faith be capacious enough to receive it), made a prodigious pit, and filled it with Fire and Brimstone; and notwithstanding his own very singular conduct towards his daughters—and making no account of the fact that these poor creatures now inherited "*natural tendencies*," continually urging them to dislike their Father—yet he published a mandate declaring that, if these two girls of his, or any of their children after them, should think, or speak ill of his conduct, he would deliver them into the custody of the Black Monster, who would cast them headlong into the Burning Pit, from whence they should not escape, throughout the uncountable ages of Eternity!!!

Having heard this, the reader will be fully prepared for the final words in our Story. It will excite in him no surprise to hear that the Black miscreant was still allowed to roam at large. The pit was open, but he was not confined there! So soon as he found his Victims in the Wilderness, he set upon them again; and injured them yet more and more. And who can wonder? Be it remembered, no punishment, tending to check his future depredations, was

inflicted upon him for his vile conduct towards these two lovely innocent young Ladies. Of course this Sable Hero went on, doing boundless mischief; and since then, as might be expected, he has accomplished the Ruin of thousands of beautiful daughters, yes, and sons too; and has glutted the Burning Pit with his victims. Strange indeed! although the Benevolent owner of the Estate could terminate his evil ways, as easily as we can repeat this story, yet he will not attempt to destroy, or confine him.

REFLECTIONS.

1.—Would the reader—who may be a father—act thus towards his children? Why not? Simply because he loves them. Does he suppose himself kinder than the Father of the human race, whose tender mercies are over all his works? If love in man could not act thus, is it possible that love in God would, or could do that which the same principle in man shrinks from? Not So!

2.—Does the reader think that a Theology which teaches that God treats his children after this fashion, is worthy of credit? Does not such a Theology belong to the dark ages?

3.—In the presence of such teaching as our modern Theology presents, it is vain to say that man is the author of his own wretchedness. A very indifferent father would be sure to fasten his door against the worst wretch in the parish, and so save his family from certain ruin. No man with a heart in him, would suffer even a Dog to go at large, over his Farm, who had proved himself to be a notorious destroyer of sheep. Is it possible that the wise, just, and infinitely good God, would permit a malignant and invisible monster to go about, day and night, demolishing every fair flower of virtue in the Human Creation? *As God lives, this cannot be!* Such a Theology is a reproach to our Maker! It ignores all the Divine attributes! Truth it cannot be!

4.—Christianity—the heart of God manifested in human form—knows nothing of such representations. Nor can they be deduced from the Jewish records, properly understood. *Heathen Darkness—a Vigorous Fancy—and an unthinking people*, have rendered such beliefs possible to men; and even exalted them into essentials of human Salvation. From such an unfortunate condition, “Good Lord deliver the Nations.”

TWO IMPORTANT INQUIRIES.

QUESTION.—*Men are tempted to sin—How is this, if no personal Satan exists?*

ANSWER.—A personal Satan is not needed to account for human Transgression. According to the common theory, the pure Angels in Heaven, even one of the most exalted among the Celestial orders, abandoned the standards of the Sovereign; nay, even revolted so dreadfully, as to become the *Prince of Darkness himself!* Let it be remembered, this was a new thing in the history of the universe. If it requires a Devil to tempt Man to transgression, surely a *Legion* would be necessary to draw the pure and mighty Angels into error and sin? But there they are, cast over the battlements of Heaven, into the blackness of darkness. Yesterday, a glorious angel; to-day, a hideous wretch in the dark abyss! If all this was even so—if Angels could transgress

God's laws, *in Heaven*, without the intervention of a personal Agent of Evil, who shall say that *poor frail Man* ever needed, or now requires, such a power to account for his transgressions?

QUESTION.—*How can Transgressors be punished, without a personal Satan?*

ANSWER.—How was Satan punished—did it require some other Evil Monster to punish him? Fear not, the Deity will see these matters adjusted. He needs not to employ a malignant Devil to execute his Divine purposes. Alas! for human folly, to suppose that the Governor of the Universe would consign a child of his to the eternal vengeance of a monster, who had dogged the steps of that poor creature throughout life, seeking his ruin! This is the master-stroke of Heathenism! But what guarantee have we that Satan would punish Transgressors? Is he much in the habit of obeying God? Is it not far more likely that Old Nero, being the very image of his Father, will be a General in the Rebel Army? The Devil would be sure to do a good turn for those who had hated God most, if he had any authority in the Kingdom of Darkness!

A PARABLE.

A certain youth was known to be afflicted with an *inherent* disposition to commit petty thefts. His parents had been long addicted to similar offences, and their son seemed to be smitten with the same evil tendency. The Judge of that city, where the youth resided, knowing of the infirmity of Adamson—that being his name—became touched with the hopeless condition of this wretched boy; and resolved to become his benefactor. This worthy philanthropist appointed his own chaplain to instruct him—frequently encouraged him to virtue himself; and by various means, sought to establish a permanent foundation in his soul. To the joy of those who knew Adamson, there appeared every prospect of complete success. One evil day, however, this poor youth was brought before the court, charged with a Larceny. The case was proved against him; and it became the painful duty of his benefactor, to see his fond hopes scattered. He rose to pronounce sentence upon the trembling Adamson. But at that moment, a citizen desired to be heard, whereupon it appeared that a notorious sharper had entered the city that day; and being dressed as a gentleman, had imposed upon Adamson; and induced him to commit the crime. The witness recognised the criminal, in the court; he was at once seized, and brought to the bar. On examination it appeared, to the whole assembly, that the youth had been “*sinned against*.” It was therefore determined that Adamson, after being *severely* reprimanded, should be set at liberty; but as to the wretch who had taken advantage of his *natural weakness*, he should forthwith be doomed to *perpetual confinement*; and a period thus put to his depredations. On hearing this, the whole court rose up, in admiration of the wisdom of the Judge; and all the people said—Amen!

If the commonly accepted views of human nature, and Satan, are correct, this is the only conduct which could be *just* towards man. PUNISH SATAN! HE IS THE REAL CRIMINAL! MAN IS NOT!—Geo. Lucas.

LOVE AND HATRED.—*An Allegory.*

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

THERE was a little Feeling once felt very much: he wanted a shape so that he could see himself and be seen. And he wanted something good enough to love. For he was full of love himself, and could not rest till he had found some beautiful creature to have his love. One day he thought and felt so much about having a shape so that he could see his love, that one came to him: he took the shape of a little child, beautiful, good, and he had a little pair of wings to carry his love about with. The sight of himself made him very happy; but he wanted so much the more to give away his love to some one, and so he flew all about to find the one that seemed good enough to have it. He passed by a great many little children, a great many flowers and beautiful things, and he loved them all, but they could not take all his love, so as to make him as happy as he wanted to be. And he sighed a good deal. But at last he flew into the dwelling of a little girl, who was sitting by the fire just as the sun went down, and he looked into her face, and saw that she was good, and so he settled on her beautiful lips, and began to kiss them, so that she might feel her love, and give it forth to his. And so she did. And when she had given it forth, she became just as he was, all love, and wanted to give it to others. So she called her little sister and kissed her, and from her sister, she went to her father and mother, and they all loved one another more than ever, she thought, because her own heart was so full of love. And this love grew more and more as she tried to feel it more and more, so that in a little while it sent away every naughty feeling from her, and seemed to be the one feeling of her heart. Everybody seemed better, everything seemed more beautiful than it did before. She seemed to have brighter eyes, and a kinder heart, and everything and everybody too. She was happy all the while, and made everybody happy around her. And every day the little 'Feeling' used to come and sit upon her lips and kiss her, and she drank in his kisses, as if they were honey.

He gave her all the love he had, and she gave him all hers, and yet she had just as much for her little sister and everybody else. *The more she gave away, the more she had.*

Now there was another Feeling beside the little winged one that visited her so often, and he knew how fond they were of each other. And as he did not like the little winged one, and liked to show his dislike whenever he could, he set about making the little girl dislike him also.

So changing himself into the shape of the little winged one (for he could change his shape), he flew on to the little girl's lips one evening just after she had finished eating her supper, and began to kiss her, just as little Wing did. Now the little girl had not been so good as common that day for she had not kissed her sister when she wanted to be kissed, and there

had been a naughty thought in her mind, and little Wing had not been to see her at all. So she thought he had come now, and she was glad, for she hoped he would drive away the naughty thought that had kept coming into her mind every time she saw her sister's face, and every time she saw her sister sitting in her mother's lap. She wanted to sit there herself, and so that good Feeling had left her, and the naughty one had come.—Little Wing stayed at home all day and sighed; he even cried because his little friend treated him so unkindly. But he did not give her up; he thought she would love him again some time and be good.

Now the naughty Feeling, when he alighted on the little girl's lips, began to kiss her, and to try to make her kiss him. And so she did.—And at last he flew away. But he had scarcely gone before the little girl began to feel very naughty, and to hate her little sister; for the naughty one had given her Hatred instead of Love, and he had filled her with it. So she went to her little sister, and struck her in the face, and made her cry very hard while she sat in her mother's lap, and then she spoke unkindly to her mother, because her mother told her she was naughty. She did not feel sorry. So her mother shut her up in a little room to think of what she had done, and to let her try to be better if she would. She punished her to make her get some love by sending away her hatred.

While the little girl was sitting all alone, she could not help thinking of herself. And at first she thought she would go on and be naughty, and not be sorry at all for what she had done, and the naughty one began to think that he should make her mind him, and he set out from his dark place to fly on her lips again, and give her some more hatred, so that she would not want to be sorry; but just as he was about settling on her lip, she heard her little sister's little voice, saying, "I will go in, mother, and see if sister is going to be good," and this made her think of her sister, and how she had hurt her, and how her sister wanted her to be good. And the love came again into her heart, for the little winged one was always ready to bring it when the goodness came first. So he alighted upon her lips; but not till he had wiped it with his tears, because he well knew that his enemy had been there, and feared some of his bitter-sweets might be there.

Hatred could not stay, so he flew back with his great wings to his own dark place. But the little girl heard his wings, and then she knew that she had done wrong, and felt sorry, and Love kissed her again, and she promised him that she would be good and love him again. And he told her to go and kiss her sister and her mother too, and tell them how sorry she was. So she did, and her father gave her a kiss for her being good again. And the little winged one staid with her, and would not let the naughty one come near her, though he sometimes tried hard to do so.

And after a little while the little girl became a little winged one herself, and watched over her little sister. She was a *Love*, and could not hate, for her heart was good.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

ONE of the great lessons which the cross teaches us, is the utter inability of physical suffering, however intense, to triumph over the soul. Jesus was called to pass a life of great toil and to die a death of the most intense pain, and yet from the very cross itself his voice is heard, in the tones of love and calmness, which show that the spirit triumphed over the body. The prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies, the consoling assurance of happiness to the malefactor, the tender words to his mother, show us that all the agonies of the cross could not fasten the attention of Jesus upon *himself*.

The cross shows us too the purifying and elevating effect of suffering, for never does Jesus seem so exalted as in his dying moments. In the early part of his ministry, he came from the temptation with more than human greatness, and in his holy triumph begins that course of benevolence which gladdened so many hearts. When he goes towards Jerusalem on his last journey, his purpose of self-sacrifice throws an awful sublimity around him, but on the cross in the midst of his agony he seems to have reached the highest point in his heavenly career. Then his spirit, having asserted its entire supremacy over the body, reposed in quiet triumph ready for its flight above.

The true effect of suffering is to purify the mind. The sorrows and afflictions of life all are calculated to elevate and ennoble the soul. But the sufferings of Jesus have a power which was not confined to his own soul. We go to the cross and witness his dreadful sufferings till our deepest sympathy is moved, and by the power of this sympathy we seem to partake of his suffering, and sharing the suffering, we share its purifying influence also. We feel that Jesus' soul needed not all that trial, and we can therefore take to our own souls the purification which is needed by them.

The cross of Christ assists us also in solving the great problem of suffering. "Why is suffering permitted by a merciful Father?" If this question is ever pertinent, it certainly is when asked concerning Jesus. Could an infinitely kind Being permit the pure Jesus to undergo pain and suffering: Let us go to Jesus himself for an answer. Did he ever in the midst of his sufferings doubt the compassion and love of his Father? He saw always in all his trials the hand of love, and if he, *the sufferer*, saw only Divine love, shall others deny that love? It is an interesting fact that those persons, who are the most pure, are least disposed to murmur at the dispensations of Providence. The nearer they approach in character the Being of infinite purity and love, the more easily can they perceive his love in all things, while the worldly, the selfish, and the sensual are ever inclined to look upon the Deity as a hard master.

I have known one of the noblest of earth's beings called in early life to endure the pains of severe sickness, and she remained cheerful and happy with an ever-increasing trust in her

Heavenly Father. In her severest sufferings she could only see the hand of a *Father*.

How unlike her are many, who, engrossed in selfishness and sin, live on without regard for the Deity, and who never think of him till reminded of Him by trial, and then only to regard him as a cruel master. If it is true that the gentlest and kindest beings are the most ready to see a Father's love even in trials, while those most destitute of love see only cruelty, we have reason to hope that though there may be mystery hanging over the ways of Divine Providence, hereafter the clouds will gradually be withdrawn from purified eyes, till at last we may see the Divinest love shining out from the saddest sufferings.—H. H. J.

HOW TO MAKE A CONGREGATION
DECLINE.

ABSENT yourselves from the public ordinances whenever you take a notion. Others will learn from your example that they need not be very conscientious about attending on the worship of their Maker.

Be sure not to venture out to church if the day be a little cold or cloudy. This will teach others that if they would take care of their health they will stay at home.

Talk in discouraging terms about the prospects of the congregation. This will make people keep a good distance; for no person wishes to connect himself with a sinking cause.

That you may be able to talk thus take little or no interest in the welfare of the congregation yourself. You have then only to suppose that your brethren are as cold and languid as yourself; and that religion is indeed in a very low state.

Take care that your meeting-house be moderately cold and uncomfortable. This will keep you from being crowded out of your seats by strangers: for none will attend but those who have something of the spirit of martyrdom.

Place your meeting-house at the outskirts of the neighbourhood, and let it be accessible only through much mud. Why, if people love the ordinances this will not keep them away.

When you are asked for a small contribution to put your meeting-house in as decent repair as you keep your own private dwelling, be sure to complain that you have always to be giving money. If you are a poor man, with nothing but a few thousands at interest, it would be unreasonable to expect you to do much. Let others see to it.

Take care to sing the praises of God as if you did not care whether you sung or not; and let your church music be such as to disgust all persons of taste.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PESTS OF SOCIETY.—There is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world than an inquisitive, intermeddling, false friend. Nothing more formidable than an oppulent scoundrel.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—"At no time of life," says Lord Bacon, "should a man give up the thought of enjoying the society of woman. In youth, and at *riper age*, our companions—in *old age* our nurses, and in *all ages* our friends."

YANKEES.—When the New-England Indians first tried to speak the word *English* they called it *Yengees*. The white inhabitants of the northern states were soon known to the neighbouring tribes by this appellation: and to this day we are distinguished from our southern and western brethren by the title of Yankees.

A CHURCH FIRED.—In the year 367, a terrible conflict took place at Rome for the bishopric of Rome, for there was no pope then, only a bishop. The battle raged between Damasus, a trinitarian, and Ursinus, an arian. The trinitarian party fired the church and destroyed one hundred and sixty persons, and succeeded in making their candidate bishop of Rome.

SUPERSTITION.—A passenger passing lately in one of the packets, engaged in a conversation with the Captain upon the difference of time between New York and London, or any other place. The Captain, who considers himself a very religious man, replied to the passenger, "that he knew of no time but God's time, and if he had made a difference he certainly would have mentioned it in the scriptures."

GRATITUDE TO HEAVEN.—At a religious meeting at Shotley-bridge, their preacher, after descending for some time on the superiority of the brute creation over man, on the score of gratitude, clinched his argument with the following illustration:—"If you look to the hens, they never so much as take a drink of water without raising their bills to Heaven in token of gratitude;" and then added, "Oh! that we were all hens!" To which one of the truly edified congregation loudly responded—"Amen!"

ATHANASIAN CREED.—When the late Reverend Mr. Wright had a small living in the west of England, he refused to read the Athanasian Creed, though repeatedly desired to do so by his parishioners. The parishioners complained to the Bishop, who ordered it to be read. Now this very curious creed is appointed to be *said* or *sung*; and Mr. Wright accordingly on the following Sunday, thus addressed his congregation,—"Next follows *Athanasian's Creed*, *either to be said or sung, and with Heaven's leave, I'll sing it. Now Clerk, mind what you are about.*" When they both struck up, and sung it with great glee to a *Fox hunting tune*, which, having previously practised, was well performed. The parishioners again met, and informed the pastor of what they called the indecorum,—but the Bishop said that *their pastor was right*, for it was so ordered, upon which they declared that they would dispense with the creed in future; nor did Mr. Wright ever after either *read* or *sing* it.

DEFINITION OF SLANDER.—"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son; "What's a slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid; "A weel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an ower true tale, which one gude person tells of anither."

DISCIPLINE OF CHILDHOOD.—Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others required that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the *practical habit* of overcoming our own selfishness, and familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And therefore I am fully persuaded that indulgence *infallibly* produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

POETIZING.—Rev. Dr. Plumer recently delivered an address at the opening of a female seminary, when he made the subjoined among other sensible remarks. It deserves the consideration of a very considerable portion of the poetizers whose effusions are forwarded to newspaper editors, especially the closing sentences. Turning to the Principal of the Seminary, Dr. Plumer said: "I hope you will not teach poetry here—I mean what some people call the science of composing poetry. If it will come of these youths, let it come, but don't force it. I feel, about the writing of poetry, something like the Methodist preacher who was giving a charge at a class meeting about some regulations. While in the midst of his charge, one old lady let slip a shout. 'Now,' says he, 'brethren and sisters, since the subject of shouting has come up, I'll give you my views on the subject. Never shout from a sense of duty. If you feel that you can't hold in—why then shout, but not otherwise.' I hope, then, that no one here will ever write poetry from a sense of duty. Poetry is despicable unless it is first-class. Poor poetry is about the meanest of all mean things." As the Latin satirist has said, "Neither gods nor man can endure it."

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